THIS WEEK IN BOOKLAND

COBB'S NEW BOOK SHOWS AUTHOR'S VERSATILITY

"J. Poindexter, Colored," Oscillates Between Humor and Fiction—Writer at His Best.

By A. R. R. ONYON.

IRVIN COBB is generally conceded to be America's greatest living humorist and possesses a surprising ability for extracting the elusive smile from the most heterogeneous subjects—say, for instance, the jolly lark of having one's intimate internal organs removed, the merry pursuit of a means of relief for obesity or any one of a hundred other subjects. But he is quite as much a novelist as a humorist, and his latest work, "J. Poindexter, Colored" (George H. Doran Company), lies in juxtaposition between the two.

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TO many readers the inimitable "Judge Priest" stories were the first to attract attention to Cobb's genius. And J. Poindexter, the subject of the present work, short for Jefferson Exodus Poindexter, otherwise "Jeff," will be pleasantly remembered as Judge Priest's faithful body servant. And while the judge himself does not enter into the present narrative, Jeff's recountal of Priest's sufferings in after-Volstead times, at the expense of a digression, may well be quoted:

"The old boss-man he broods a right smart over this going dry business. Being a judge and all, he's always been a great hand for upholding the law. But this here is one law which he cannot uphold, and yet go on taking his sweetening drams steady the same as he's been used to doing all his life. And from statements which he lets fall from time to time I gleans that he can't hardly make up his mind which one of the two of them—law or liquor—he's going to favor the most when the pinch comes and the supply in the dining-room cupboards begins running low. Every time he starts off for a little trip somewheres and has to tote a bottle along in his hip pocket instead of being able to walk into a grocery and refresh himself over the bar like he's been doing for might nigh sixty years, I hears him speaking mumbling words to himself. I hears him saying it's come to a pretty pass when a Kentucky gentleman has either got to compromise with his conscience or play a low-down trick on his appetite. Off and on it certainly does pester him mightily."

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SO much for the judge who leaves the story for an extended trip West, whether in search of less arid regions or not is left unsaid and Jeff finds himself at liberty to attach himself to the person of Dallias Pulliam, "a young white gentlemen," who is about to go to New York on a mission of business and pleasure combined, and Jeff, for the first time, leaves his native State and finds adventures many and frequent.

How his natural astuteness protects not only himself, but comes to the rescue of Mr. Pulliam, who is beset by a swindler on one side and a "vampire" on the other, fills the succeeding pages with a high degree of interest and despicts accurately the real nature of "the white folk's darkey," as Jeff describes himself.

While the book is written in the first person, the author relieves the reader of the tedium of a steady run of dialect by having Jeff confide at the outset that he had turned his memoirs over to one of his white gentlemen friends to fix up the spelling and punctuation. "I reads and writes very well," says Jeff, "but I never learned to puncture."

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THE Duttons are bringing out in a thoroughly revised edition Wm. H. Booth's standard treatise on "Liquid Fuel and Its Apparatus." Mr. Booth is perhaps the highest authority on this subject and his work is considered an essential reference book by engineers and students of engineering.

BOOKS IN DEMAND

Fiction.

Certain People of Importance, Kathleen Norris.
The Country Beyond, James Oliver Curwood.
The Breaking Point, Mary Roberts Rinehart.
The Glimpses of the Moon, Edith Wharton.
In the Days of Poor Richard, Irving Bacheller.
Gentle Julia, Booth Tarkington.

Nonfiction.

Outline of Science, J. Arthur Thomson.
Books and Characters, Lytton Strachey.
Soliloquies in England, George Santayana.
The Hairy Ape and Other Plays, by James O'Neill.
The Pomp of Power, Anonymous.
Sonnets to a Red Haired Lady, Don Marquis.

SET down in the bold strokes of James Montgomery Flagg, this sketch of James Oliver Curwood is in a manner after the very fashion of Curwood's own writing—strikingly frank, keenly realistic and vividly dramatic. A tale of wilderness love is his new book, "The Country Beyond" (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation), reported better than his earlier efforts, "The Valley of Silent Men" and "The River's End."

CLOCKER'S REVIEW

ROGUES' HAVEN
By Roy Bridges
(D. Appleton)

"Treasure Island" Stuff
Pistols and Cutlasses
Night Riders
Smugglers
Doomed House
Battered Doors
Hidden Gold
Potent Grog
Kidnaping
Looting
Killing
What Will You—
In One Book?
The Hokum Old
Fair Told
Fast Sold
To Addicts
Of Adventure.

—CLIFF MEREDITH.

Davy Crockett's Life Told for Youngsters

"DAVID CROCKETT" by Jane Corby, is the latest book in the series of "Famous Americans for Young Readers," published by Barse & Hopkins. The author is editor of the Junior Brooklyn Eagle, and has in Davy Crockett found congenial use for her pen.

Very few American heroes have greater appeal for the youngsters than Crockett, whose motto was "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Davy himself lived up to it to the best of his ability, but in those rough-and-ready pioneer days it was not always easy to discover what was "right."

Crockett was born in east Tennessee, over a century ago, when the country was little more than a wilderness. His father was a tavernkeeper, and the boy early came in contact with the roving characters who passed by. He was bound out to a cattle-drover headed for Virginia, and afterward made his way back home across hundreds of miles of wild country.

He grew up as a crack shot and a fearless hunter either of wild game or of Indians. Then he went with Sam Houston and other adventurous Tennesseans down to Texas to help that State achieve its independence.

The whole world is familiar with the story of the Alamo—how a handful of men braved the whole Mexican army until the last one of the defenders was exterminated. One of the last to fall was Davy Crockett—facing the enemy to the last,

DR. GIBSON'S CURE HELD DOUBTFUL IN ITS VALUE

"Blood and Nerve Diseases" a Treatise on Possibilities of Physical Culture As Corrective.

By MAURICE S. HYLAND.

THE "cure" prescribed by Dr. Axel Emil Gibson in his "Blood and Nerve Diseases" (Christopher Publishing House) is of doubtful value. The mighty forces of nature combined with physical culture may do much to relieve an unfortunate sufferer from "Mal Anglais," but after all, the Spirochaete pallide remain in the blood.

Ehrlich's much-heralded salvarsan did not perform the miracles promised. It is now known that it exerts a marked destructive influence upon tissue and the continuous loss of albumin to the system caused by its arsenical affinity makes the patient subject to albuminuria and recurrent structural disturbances.

The true specific remains to be discovered. In the meanwhile, Dr. Gibson's instructions may be followed with profit.

The doctor's plan for the treatment of nervousness is far more satisfactory. The system he outlines is a really excellent one and if followed is certain to afford a maximum of relief.

His dietetic program is in harmony with well-known authorities, and his advice regarding bathing is of great value. He takes great pleasure in condemning the use of drugs and sugar. "The special danger that threatens the system from excessive sugar," he observes, "lies in the change of the latter to alcohol." It is worth noting that Dr. Harvey Wiley, the noted food authority, in a recent article parallels this statement.

The mental attitude of nervous patients is carefully considered. Particular stress is placed on concentration—the powerful, beneficial effect the mind exercises on the human body when a person "thinks" health constantly.

This effect is summed up in a single sentence: "Man's real success lies in his power to create moral states out of physical conditions."

The book is poorly printed—on quality "X" paper. The proofreading is terrible.

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FOR publication in September Stokes announces a new volume of poems by Hilda Conkling. It is called "Shoes of the Wind" and contains poems made by the little girl during the past two years.

MR. ENOCH ARDEN WARMED OVER, NOT HOT DISH

"The Stronger Influence" Not Potent Enough to Stir the Reader's Enthusiasm, but Fair Amusement.

By AMES KENDRICK.

"THE STRONGER INFLUENCE," F. E. Mills Young, (Doran), is a variation on the Enoch Arden theme which we read without any overwhelming desire to arise and give three rousing cheers for either book or author. It is a fair enough sample of the numerous stories which furnish a modicum of entertainment, provided the reader admits the plausibility of the motives provided by the author.

Briefly, the story is that of Esme Lester, music teacher, who falls in love with Paul Hallam, drunkard, recluse and cynic. He abandons these traits long enough to marry Esme, who has an idea she can reform him. Of course, he has a relapse, and in one of his spells of drunkenness accidentally knocks Esme down a flight of stairs.

She is taken to a hospital. Paul feels so badly about this that he goes off into the wilds of Africa. Time passes. Paul is supposed to be dead. Esme marries a nice young man who has really loved her all the time. A baby is born to them. Lackaday! Paul returns. He hasn't been dead at all, but has been in the great war and has been a prisoner of the Germans, and a sadder and a better man hastens home to Esme.

Now, at first glance, this is a sad mess for everybody concerned, but Esme gets out of it prettily by giving the second husband the gate, keeping the baby to remember him by. The author lays this to Esme's great love for the errant Paul, but we have an idea it is all due to the fall downstairs.

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REMARKABLE how these heroines are prone to fall. In "The Judgment of Charis," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (Doran), we have Charis falling down stairs, to be picked up by a millionaire Canadian. Charis, it appears, is a typist out of a job, and wonder of wonders, the millionaire, George Strachan, is in need of a competent secretary. Therefore, it is perfectly natural she get the job, and so the author is given an opportunity to write her story.

Strachan also is worried by his English relatives—he isn't quite sure that he should leave his millions to them—so it is another chance for Charis to prove useful to him by making a report on the fitness of these folks. But it is our duty to whisper that Charis is in reality the daughter of an earl, and all that sort of thing, and she really undertakes these adventures for the purpose of gathering local color for her novel.

Of course Strachan, and others less fortunately placed as regards wealth and position, fall in love with the Cinderella-typist, and there is much ado as the result. Then, when matters are at the boiling point, another lady falls down stairs, and as the reverberations of the dull, sickening thud die away Cupid comes into his own.

As one may gather from the stairs incidents, there is plenty of action in this story. Also, several of the characters are well done—Phyllis especially. We have read worse stories.

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'SHORN LAMB' GOOD CHARACTERIZATION

Emma Speed Sampson again bows to her growing audience, presenting this time "The Shorn Lamb" (Reilly & Lee), a diverting and homely tale of Old Virginia and the New South.

For those who have been intrigued by Mrs. Sampson's earlier "Miss Minerva" books, this story of a child's adventures amid a background of Southern characters will be good entertainment. Strictly narrative of the rambling sort, it nevertheless can stir the interest of many who delight in the whimsical musings of well-drawn negro characters.

Sent by the janitress of a New York studio to a Virginia grandfather, little Rebecca finds much to keep her busy and interested in two spinster aunts, a grandfather whose original coldness passed quickly, and several cha'm-wuckin' darkies.

Padded in spots, slow in its lead, "The Shorn Lamb" nevertheless provides good pastime reading for those who have the time to pass. M. G. M.

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A NEW issue at a reduced price is being brought out by the Duttons of their handsome publication of George Gissing's masterpiece, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

The WELL-DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED · STEPHEN · BRYAN
"Beau Nash"

What To Wear And When And Where To Wear It

Dodging September Showers

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.

THE Anglophile sees nothing good, and the Anglophobe sees nothing but good in English fashions, and they're both wrong. Many English styles gain international approval, because they are so jolly simple; so dashed sensible, you know. "This little speck, the British Isles, 'tis but a freckle;" nevertheless there is a strapping sturdiness about the fashions of this geographical speck which commends them to the well-dressed man the world over.

On the other hand, quite a few fabrics and fashions designed expressly and exclusively for the English climate, which is cold and damp, are not adapted to warmer countries, where thick stuffs would prove bulky and burdensome. Indeed, Americans go in for much lighter-weight cloths than the English, and we are also prone to dispense with heating and heavy linings.

There is one belonging of dress in which the English have maintained their premiership uncontested, and that is the shower-proofed topcoat of the type portrayed in the accompanying sketch. Its style dwells in the seeming lack of it; in a sort of calculated negligence; in lineless lines that swish and ripple around the figure without any apparent place or purpose.

Such a full-draped, loose-swinging top coat is made of light, water-proofed woolens, or of mackintosh cloths rubberized upon one side or having a rubberized layer between, or of oilskin, a fabric rendered shower-tight by dipping into boiled oil after the manner of the sailor's tarpaulin or the army officer's slicker.

This type of coat usually has raglan shoulders and pivot sleeves; roll-back cuffs; deep pouch-like pockets like the huntsman's game pockets and a wide flip-up collar to protect the wearer's chin and face. It may be knee or three-quarter length and it has no center vent in the back.

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Waistcoats "A La Mode"

THERE are certain moulds of minds to which the matter of one button more or less upon a coat or waistcoat is a milestone upon life's journey. As the poet warbled, "He could distinguish and divide a hair 'twixt south and southwest side." Really, it is an affair of no consequence whether your autumn waistcoat be cut high or low; whether it show five buttons or six. Fashion has naught to do with such pettifogging puerility.

The smart waistcoat fits the figure and, of course, must befit the coat, for they are Friday-and-Crusoe, one-and-indivisible. This season, the waistcoat is cut either high or low, dependent upon the material in the suit and the fancy of the wearer.

Reproduced alongside is a six-button waistcoat, well waisted to the figure and having blunt bottom points, a bit of a departure from the familiar peaked effect. Other fashionable types of garments are squared off at the bottom and cut rather short to go with the new high-cut trousers which require suspenders.

Different-colored (fancy) waistcoats never come into vogue, because they never go out of vogue. However, as with lending money or ordering chicken croquettes at a strange restaurant, this practice should be pursued with discretion.

It takes an uncommonly well-dressed man to wear a colored waistcoat, say, white, snuff-brown or dove-gray, with the air of being to the manner (or manor) born.

The ordinary pillar of citizenry is best advised to stick to the waistcoat of the same material as the suit. It may not attract attention, but neither will it attract derision.

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Carefully Careless Clothes

NOT so long ago, the American collegian was supposed "a fellow of infinite jazz" in his mode of dress. No absurdity was too great for the funny papers to ascribe to him, from minstrel-like collars and hawser-like shoe laces to trousers which looked as if he had been forced into them, as toothpaste into a tube. The so-called 'rah 'rah! boy became a type which was as much a national institution of ours, as baseball, soda-water fountains, five-and-ten cent stores, running for trains or being for or against prohibition.

Presently the 'rah 'rah! boy expanded into a sort of masculine Venus de Stylo. Ingenious clothing manufacturers put forth "Kollege Kut Klothes," which the artless wearer fondly imagined made him look like a composite likeness of Lothario, Romeo & Co., Knaves of Hearts.

For all this welter of witlessness the American university man was wholly blameless. His head is set too tightly in its socket to allow him to stand sponsor for the sheaf of numbskulleries perpetrated in his name. As a matter of fact, the present-day collegian dresses with studied restraint and puts the Sh! Sh! upon rah! rah! He goes in for none of those exaggerations and eccentricities which, formerly and falsely, were laid at his door.

Field, country and knockabout wear for early autumn is introducing a mode of dress which might be termed carefully careless, as illustrated here. The cloth hat, of plaid tweed, is poked or dented at random, with one side of the brim flipped up and the other down. The trick of clapping on this hat is "the art which conceals art," if a cub may borrow from Whistler, the lion.

The collar is horizontally striped to tally with the pattern of vertical stripes in the shirt. The cravat is in club, college or regimental colors. To be sure, this is not a turnout for town, as the line of demarcation between town and country clothes is more sharply defined this season than ever.

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The Fleecy Field Jacket

AN optimist has been defined as one who believes that the devil is dead and hell is half full of water. It is the optimistic spirit which makes us such a signally successful race of sportsmen. We don't fare forth to play, but to win, and we have come to realize that practical clothes are a not unimportant influence in par performance.

Upon overseas links it is a common thing to see "cracks" accoutred in all the regalia and impediments of "Ye Compleat Golfiac," from jacket to jerkin, and from gaiters to gloves. This may stencil a slashingly dashing figure against the landscape, but it doesn't better the score. Rather it is the trimly and lightly clad chap, discarding every superfluous accessory, who clears the decks and sails in to win.

Among many well-known amateur and professional golfers the fleecy field jacket, shown here, takes the place of the coat and is far more comfortable, because it is sleeveless. There is no strain upon the shoulders or arms. Knitted of fluffy angora, llama, cashmere, Shetland, Australian or alpaca wool, this jacket has the throat-free V neck and patch side pockets. It flexes snugly to the figure for warmth, but contracts and expands with every motion and posture of the wearer.

Footless golf hose are on the gain, because some men cannot wear wool next to the skin. Thus, you may wear socks of your accustomed weight and material, simply slipping the footless golf hose over them. The band of material under the ankle holds the hose firmly in place. The projecting front flap is long enough to fit well down into any low shoe, so as to cover the under sock completely. Either all-wool or silk-and-wool may be selected.

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Re-Enter the Double-Breaster

DRESS "is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." Yet, man approaches the problem of new-season clothes with far more squeamishness and with many more pre-conceived notions than any woman does. When he gets an idea into his head, even a surgical operation couldn't take it out.

A case in point—there are no end of men who believe that the double-breasted suit is not becoming to them; that it makes the figure look stodgy and thickset; that it is only a style for the tall and slim. In truth, the double-breasted coat is just as appropriate for the full-figured man as for the slender, if it be well-cut and well-fitting and be chosen in a seemly color and pattern.

The art in cuttitng a double-breasted coat is to make it shorter than the single-breasted, so that the effect of the greater breadth is offset by contracting the length. This, also, gives more span of limb which most figures need.

Again, the squarish appearance of the double-breasted coat, due to the fact that it laps over upon the chest and is leveled off at the bottom, imperatively requires that the garment be perceptibly modeled or curved at the sides over the hips. These dry-as-dust details may sound technical, but they are practical and deserving of attentive study, if you are clothesly and closely interested in sprucing up your style.

Here you see a 3-button, double-breasted autumn suit sketched upon a man slightly below normal stature. The front buttons are well spaced, the topmost being left unfastened. The collar is broad and low; the lapels are wide, peaked and curving. The material may be plain blue, brown or green in a soft-nap finish or unobstrusively striped of pattern.

NOTE—Questions concerning Correct Dress for Men will be answered by Alfred Stephen Bryan, if addressed to him in care of this newspaper. To insure a reply, a stamped envelope must be enclosed.